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E. D. Morgan

EX UNITED STATES SENATOR - EX GOVERNOR OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK.

In Memoriam.

Edwin Denison Morgan

Born February 3d, 1811.

Died February 14th, 1883.

Print of J. R. Huth, 372 Pearl Street, N. Y.

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The funeral of Edwin Denison Morgan was celebrated at the Brick Presbyterian Church, Fifth Avenue and Thirty-seventh Street, New York, on Friday, February 16th, 1883, at three o'clock in the afternoon. The day was dark and stormy, but long before the hour appointed for the services a great number of people had gathered at the church. The relatives and many of the intimate friends of the departed were assembled at his late residence, and there a brief prayer was offered by his pastor, who besought the presence and comfort of the Divine Spirit for the bereaved family and the blessing of God upon the funeral services. Then the coffin was closed; the palms of victory and the lilies of peace were laid upon it; and the body of the master of the house was carried forth from his earthly home to the House of God which he had loved so well, and where he had so often worshipped.

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The clergymen walked before the coffin. The pall-bearers who followed were:

Chester A. Arthur,	Ulysses S. Grant,
Hamilton Fish,	John Jacob Astor,
Robert Lenox Kennedy,	Franklin Carter,
John A. Stewart,	William H. Macy,
Augustus Schell,	J. Pierpont Morgan,
S. O. Vanderpoel,	Cornelius R. Agnew,
John D. Jones,	Henry Day,
Thomas C. Acton,	Benj. F. Dunning,
John E. Parsons,	Thomas Hillhouse,
A. A. Low,	Hugh J. Jewett.

The members of the family present were:

Mrs. E. D. Morgan; Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Morgan, Jr.; Mr. and Mrs. Dresbach; Mrs. McCorkle, of Philadelphia; Major and Mrs. A. E. Bates, of Washington; Mr. and Mrs. George Rowland; Mr. and Mrs. J. Bayard Henry, of Philadelphia; Master Morgan Waterman; Miss Ida Waterman; Mrs. Henry Waterman; the Rev. Dr. W. F. and Miss Morgan; Mrs. Dahlgren; Lieutenant Governor W. G. Bulkeley, of Hartford; Mayor Morgan Bulkeley, of Hartford; H. K. Morgan, Jr., of Hartford; Mr. and Mrs. George D. Morgan; Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Morgan and Miss Morgan, of Brooklyn; Mr. and Mrs. N. D. Morgan; Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Morgan; William F. A. Sill, of Windsor, Conn.; Mr. and Miss Joslyn; Mr. and Mrs. Thomas A. Vyse, Jr., of Staten Island; Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Morgan, of Brooklyn; Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Sterling; Frederick Green and Henry Green, of Orange, N. J.

As the funeral procession entered the middle aisle, the great congregation, which filled every part of the church, rose and remained standing in silence until the coffin was laid before the pulpit and the music of the dirge had died away.

The funeral services were conducted by the Rev. Henry J. van Dyke, Jr., the pastor of the Brick Church. Addresses were made by the Rev. Dr. Roswell D. Hitchcock, President of Union Theological Seminary, and the Rev. Dr. James O. Murray, of Princeton College. The Rev. Dr. John Hall, of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, offered the closing prayer.

THE SERVICES.

"'The Lord gave: the Lord hath taken away: blessed be the name of the Lord.' Let us pray:

"Eternal and ever-blessed God, Thou art our refuge and our strength, a very present help in time of trouble. In the dark and cloudy day we look to Thee for light. In the hour of pain and grief we come to Thee for comfort. Have mercy upon us, good Lord, we beseech Thee; have mercy upon us, and help us, and save us. Shine Thou upon us with the light of Thy love in the face of Jesus Christ. May our faith in Him support and console us. May Thy Holy Spirit, the Comforter, descend and dwell with us in this hour. Yea, even in the presence of death and in the day of bereavement may our hearts be filled with that peace which passeth understanding, through Jesus Christ, our Lord and Saviour, Amen."

HYMN.

My faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
  Saviour divine!
Now hear me while I pray;
Take all my guilt away;
O, let me from this day
  Be wholly Thine.

While Life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
  Be Thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
  From Thee aside.

When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
  Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour, then in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
O, bear me safe above,
  A ransomed soul!

SCRIPTURE LESSONS.

Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations. Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever Thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, Thou art God. Thou turnest man to destruction, and sayest, Return, ye children of men. For a thousand years in Thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night. Thou carriest them away as with a flood; they are as a sleep; in the morning they are like grass which groweth up. In the morning it flourisheth and groweth up; in the evening it is cut down and withereth. The days of our years are threescore years and ten; and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength labor and sorrow; for it is soon cut off, and we fly away. So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom. O satisfy us early with Thy mercy, that we may rejoice, and be glad all our days.

Mark the perfect man and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace. Thou shalt come to thy grave in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in his season. And even to your old age I am He; and even to hoar hairs will I carry you; I have made and I will bear; even I will carry, and I will deliver you.

The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; He leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul; He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His name's sake. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me.

Blessed be God, even the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of mercies, and the God of all comfort, who comforteth us in all our tribulation, that we may be able to comfort them which are in any trouble, by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God. For as the sufferings of Christ abound in us, so our consolation also aboundeth by Christ. Now, no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous; nevertheless, afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby.

But some man will say, How are the dead raised up? and with what body do they come? Thou fool; that which thou sowest is not quickened, except it die. And that which thou sowest, thou sowest not that body that shall be, but bare grain, it may chance of wheat, or of some other grain. But God giveth it a body as it hath pleased Him, and to every seed his own body. All flesh is not the same flesh; but there is one kind of flesh of men, another flesh of beasts, another of fishes, and another of birds. There are also celestial bodies, and bodies terrestrial, but the glory of the celestial is one, and the glory of the terrestrial is another. There is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars; for one star differeth from another star in glory. So also is the resurrection of the dead. It is sown in corruption, it is raised in incorruption. It is sown in dishonor, it is raised in glory; it is sown in weakness, it is raised in power. It is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body. There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body. Now, this I say, brethren, that flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God; neither doth corruption inherit incorruption. Behold I show you a mystery. We shall not all

sleep, but we shall all be changed. In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump ; for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed. For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality. So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory. O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin ; and the strength of sin is the law. But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.

After this I beheld, and lo, a great multitude, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands, and cried with a loud voice, saying : Salvation to our God which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb. And all the angels stood round about the throne, and about the elders and the four beasts, and fell before the throne on their faces, and worshipped God. Saying : Amen ; blessing, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honor, and power, and might, be unto our God for ever and ever. Amen. And one of the elders answered, saying unto me : What are these which are arrayed in white robes ? and whence came they ? And I said unto him, Sir, thou knowest. And he said to me : These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve Him day and night in His temple; and He that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more ; neither

shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.

The Rev. Mr. VAN DYKE then said:

"How noble and how clear is the lesson of a good life! How solemn and how sweet the memory of a Christian death! How precious the hopes of immortality and reunion through the Lord Jesus Christ! These are ours to-day. I cannot now speak to you of the departed. Other and more worthy lips will pay the tribute of honor to his memory; but for myself I would hush the voice of grief, and upon that great, loving heart, now at rest after sharp anguish, I would lay the tribute of a deep and lasting affection. Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord. Yea, saith the Spirit, for they rest from their labors and their works do follow them."

The Rev. Dr. MURRAY spoke as follows:

"We assemble in the House of God to-day under circumstances of unusual solemnity. For abroad and at home, so many eminent

men — eminent in all callings of life — have died within recent months and days, that thoughtful men give pause, and brought thus consciously under the 'power from endless life,' are moved to humble themselves under the mighty hand of God.

"Of these noteworthy men, Governor Morgan, the last who has fallen, deserves in these funeral services some earnest tribute from those who knew him and honored him. A more extended memorial of his life and career will appropriately be given by his pastor on the coming Sabbath. Now, and for these services, it is only incumbent on me to traverse rapidly the steps of that ascending career, in order to estimate duly the life in its wholeness: still further, to give some full and tender utterance to the public sentiment of loss and grief and veneration. He was born amid the hills of Berkshire, Massachusetts, the son of a New England farmer, in 1811. He had, as his capital in life, what a New England home and a New England training have given to so many men of mark in our country, *capacity for self-*

development. He had his own way to make in life, but he had been taught—and he never forgot the lesson—that all paths to great success, that is, success won on the highest levels of achievement, lie open to industry, integrity, grasp of intellect and inflexible will. Beginning his career in the year 1828, at the City of Hartford, Conn., as a mercantile apprentice, he at once proved that he had naturally and by training every quality of a successful man of business. Nay more, he seems even then, in this early stage of his life, to have shown something of that large aptitude for civic affairs which his later years brought out so conspicuously. For he had hardly passed his majority when he was elected a member of the City Council of Hartford. However it may be *to-day*, the traditional policy of New England towns *then* stringently exacted of their officials ability and integrity. They were by apt phraseology called *select* men.

"Next, in the unfolding of his life, comes the change of business arena, from Hartford to this city, in the year 1836. The scene was

changed, but it brought no change in the essential characteristics of the man. He brought with him here his abilities, his experience, his high ambition, and *his principles.* There is one act of his early career here, to which the city press has rightly called attention, and which should be again emphasized in this hour and place. When this metropolis was visited by the cholera in 1849, Governor Morgan promptly refused to leave the stricken city. He brought at once to the service of the sick and the dying his calm courage, his wise, unwasting energy, his personal devotion. Increased hospital room was an absolute necessity, and his force and wisdom secured it in the use of the public school buildings for that purpose. It was only a prophecy of what was in the man by way of resources, when in the time of our imperilled national life he was fulfilling the high office of Governor of the State of New York. For above all else, that time called for men who could calmly, wisely and efficiently meet great exigencies. No man, who has not lived through those times of high excitement, fearful suspense, wearing anxiety,

and, by consequence, been endowed with a keener sense of the great issues involved, can ever fully appreciate what the nation owes to such men as Governor Morgan. All his signal business capacities, and all his ample stock of cool, deliberate, patient energy, his wise comprehension of the drift of events, his clear-sighted instinct of the right men for the right place—all were brought into play, and he has, perhaps, won his most enduring fame in the great services rendered his country through his office as Governor of the State of New York.

"It was but in fitting recognition of these services as deserving high tokens of public approval, that he was chosen a Senator from the State of New York. His gubernatorial career covers the period between the years 1858 and 1863; his senatorial career, that from 1863 to 1869. Years more critical in our national history cannot be found, unless we find them in some years immediately following the adoption of the Constitution, when the cabinet of Washington was rent by feuds, and tendencies toward disruption began to show themselves. It seems

enough now to say of his public career, that it bears all through the marks of stainless purity. That is high praise. But beyond this it must be said that Governor Morgan, by his integrity and force of character, has been singularly and happily exempt from the shafts of political opponents.

"Governor Morgan, it will have been seen, belonged to the class known as successful merchants. From first to last, he won a large and influential success. Three centuries ago, the ablest pen in English literature described them as 'royal' merchants. We reach a nobler designation when we can describe them as *Christian* merchants. For surely the Christian philanthropy of such men as Amos and Abbot Lawrence, of Boston, John F. Slater, of Norwich, Conn., William E. Dodge and Governor Morgan of New York, deserves such a title. It is therefore with blessed satisfaction that we may turn from all business successes, however brilliant—from all services to the nation, however lofty—and trace briefly his career as a Christian. What to him now is all that human

truth can utter or human hearts feel! What is *not* to him now his faith in the gospel of Christ—any service, the humblest as well as the greatest, he was permitted to render the cause of his Divine Master on earth!

"He first made a public profession of his faith in Christ in the year 1847, connecting himself with the University Place church, then under the care of the Reverend Dr. Potts. On his removal to the upper part of the city, having purchased a residence directly opposite the Brick Church, then under the pastoral care of the Reverend Dr. Spring, he became a member of it. Coming to this city in 1865 as associate pastor of the Brick Church, I found him among my parishioners. For several years his public duties called him away from the city during the greater part of the year. As he laid aside his public cares, he gave himself more and more to care for the church. He gave his time and means and counsels to promote its welfare. He was elected a member of its session; declining that office, he discharged for years the responsible duties of president of its

board of trustees. He was never a man of mere religious emotions. He was a regular and punctual attendant on the church services, rebuking decidedly on one occasion—a time of high political excitement—an attempt to take him from the house of God, in order to consult on some public issue. But though he gave few outward signs of religious emotion, he would be strangely misjudged if he were supposed to have only a religion of frigid principles or decorous form. On fit occasions genuine emotion could be displayed, as those who have known him in the intercourse of his home, and as his dying utterances abundantly testify. His last years were overshadowed by two great griefs, the loss of his only son and the loss of his most tenderly beloved daughter-in-law. These griefs followed each other in quick, sharp succession. He bore them with that well known outward demeanor of calmness and courage. But his sensibilities quivered under the shocks, and his character softened and mellowed under the strokes. The closing years of his life were most marked by this interest in spiritual things—

specially by increasing devotion to the welfare of this church. I utter the sentiment of a congregation and pastor grateful for what he has done to promote the interests of the Brick Church. I express the sense of a profound and almost irreparable loss in this stage of the church's history.

"The end came to him not wholly unexpected. It was said to me last autumn, by one who knew him well, that he was looking death in the face, and that he was as ever brave, but solemn, in view of the end. He knew a not much longer life was appointed him. But he did well in keeping to his activities. Having set his house in order—having reposed his trust for many years in the mercy of his Saviour Jesus Christ, believing simply, but deeply, in the truths of the blessed Gospel—he was ready for the final summons. A fortnight ago he found his accustomed way to the house of God, but with evident feebleness and difficulty. Then came on last Sunday the vain attempt to take once more his place among the gathering worshippers. Then, and how soon

after, the sharp, final agony of dying; and then the struggle, borne so patiently; and then the brief unconsciousness; and THEN, and forever and ever, the 'rest that remaineth to the people of God,' the 'eternal weight of glory.'

"This brief memorial and tribute would be incomplete without some reference to the characteristic Christian services of Governor Morgan in his late liberal charities to institutions in this city and elsewhere. The ampler and worthier notice will be undertaken by other hands. It is, however, in place for me now, from my personal knowledge of him and from conversations with him, to emphasize his motive for his philanthropies as distinctively the Christian motive. 'Two things,' he said to me once, 'have led me to turn some portion of my wealth into these channels. *First*, it seemed to me the part of one who had amassed his property in a great city, to do something for its welfare—for institutions in its bounds. *Secondly*, in my gifts to the Union Theological Seminary I was desirous of promoting interests of the Christian church, and thought I could do this

in no way so well as by providing for the higher education, especially for the training of its ministers.'

"On expressing to him my appreciation of the objects and motives of his gifts, he then added: 'I only wish I had begun earlier this distribution of my wealth. It would have been easier, and I should have enjoyed more, what I have lately learned to enjoy, *in giving*.'

"Allusion has already been made to a class of philanthropists like Abbot Lawrence, George Peabody, James Lenox, Robert L. Stuart, William E. Dodge, and Governor Morgan, most of them merchants, most of them trained under conditions of business education, which tended to develop nobly such character in those who accepted its conditions. They gave their wealth for the public good in various ways, some by diffusion, others by concentration on great objects—recognizing the appeal which a great city makes on men of wealth for large and fruitful charitable endowments. And I think I should be faithless to my trust to-day, if addressing, as I do, some who have by God's bounty acquired

in this city great fortunes, I did not express a growing public sentiment. It is no clamorous beggar with open palm *demanding* gifts. It is no presumptuous dictator, *prescribing* how men shall act with their own. But it is—deeply and feelingly it is — the grateful recognition of all such charitable efforts — the honored remembrance of it—and its voice is, '*Go ye also and do likewise.*' Care for the poverty, the sin, the suffering in this great city. Rear institutions for the relief of all human woe. Help those that need more liberal equipment and support. Beautify the city by art in public places if you will — but do not go from the world till you have consecrated some part of your wealth in the service of Christian philanthropy in this metropolis."

The Rev. Dr. HITCHCOCK delivered the following address:

"It was the custom of an ancient Thracian tribe, as reported by Herodotus, to sit and weep when a child was born, but to laugh and rejoice when a man was buried. To them, as

to us, the life just begun was an impending battle, whose issue was uncertain ; while the life just ended was a battle won. We have no fears to-day for a battle impending, but only gratitude and rejoicing for the battle won. Even when, so recently, our honored friend for the last time climbed the stairway to his office, there still was something remaining of the unsolved problem. The books were not yet closed. Character was not yet quite sealed and stamped ; the last act was not yet performed, nor the last word spoken. Now all is finished, and all, thank God ! is safe. Another man has died ; another form lies motionless before us. And a triple life is ended. We have lost a merchant, a statesman, and a philanthropist.

" The great mystery of character and achievement will never cease. Men are cradled together in the same village by the seaside, or among the hills ; attend the same schools and churches ; have apparently the same opportunities ; but come out at last as wide apart as poverty and wealth, obscurity and fame. Just what makes the difference — exactly what the

vital, impelling, decisive force in superlative achievement may be—no analysis altogether explains. Exceptional clearness of vision certainly there must have been, with manifest singleness of purpose; but above all, perhaps, a straight onward, determined, crushing power of will, which, when the crisis came, brooked no contradiction and feared no odds. After all, greatness is only another name for pre-eminent success; so that greatness can never be measured exactly till its work is done.

"No one ever came fairly in contact with Governor Morgan on a grave occasion without getting the impression of a ponderous and powerful personality. The massive form evidently incarnated a massive character. His early school advantages were scant. One term in Bacon Academy, in Colchester, Conn., in 1826, was all the higher training he received. He never tried to be an orator. But he instinctively saw things as they were in themselves, in their relations to one another, and above all, in their relation to the higher laws. He could wait for others to be heard. But no sophistry deceived

him, and when it became his turn to speak, his words rang like blows upon an anvil. Scarcely another prominent man of our time has made so few mistakes. In every relation he used his faculties in a large, grand way. As I have heard it remarked by one who has known him well, 'He never did a small thing.' And he never did a rash or foolish thing. Boldness there often was, but always boldness with prudence. He never sailed into any harbor without taking the soundings as he went along; never went into battle without reserves.

"The blood was Celtic. Morgan is Welsh, and means 'sea-born.' The Greeks in the fifth century made it Pelagius. The first ancestor of the family on this side of the Atlantic was James Morgan, who was born probably at Llandaff, in Wales, in 1607, went to Boston with two younger brothers in 1636, in 1650 removed to Pequot (now New London), in Connecticut, and seven years later removed again to Groton, where he died in 1685. Edwin Denison Morgan was in the eighth generation of this descent.

"Eight days ago our friend was just seventy-two years of age; and had he lived but a few months longer, would have celebrated the golden anniversary of a singularly happy marriage. The faithful companion of the long pilgrimage finds herself suddenly alone. Of five children, four died in infancy, and the eldest not long ago, leaving only one grandchild to alleviate the bitter, blinding, solitary grief. It is when we thus stand where river and ocean meet that our thoughts fly back most swiftly to the fountain from which the river starts. On the 8th day of February, 1811, Edwin Denison Morgan first drew breath, in Massachusetts, among the Berkshire Hills. Washington is the name of the township. That little hamlet, of considerably less than a thousand souls, will be known hereafter as the place where he was born. Connecticut was, however, the proper home of the family, and thither the parents of Edwin soon returned.

"His merchant life began at Hartford in 1828, when he was only seventeen years old, and a clerk. In 1831 he was a partner in the con-

cern, and in 1836 he came to New York. Both in Hartford and here he went straight to the front. His ventures were bold and large, and everything he put his hand to was a success. His great fortune was of no mere good luck, but of quick, far-sighted sagacity, backed by a force and steadiness of purpose that never faltered. He built his great fortune stone by stone, as Cheops built his Pyramid.

"In statesmanship his opportunities were singularly happy, such as rarely happen anywhere, and may not happen on this continent again for generations. In any case, under ordinary conditions, he would have been no doubt a model governor of the State of his adoption. But his two terms of service were in a stormy time. For two years he saw the tempest gathering. For two years more he faced it. Of the governors of the loyal States, three men became pre-eminently historic. These three men were Governor Andrew of Massachusetts, Governor Morgan of New York, and Governor Morton of Indiana. The name of Edwin Denison Morgan is beyond the reach of shifting

events and parties and policies. His solid monument is built. On it is inscribed 'The Great War Governor of the Empire State.' From 1863 to 1869 he represented New York in the Senate of the United States. Twice he was offered the Secretaryship of the Treasury, once by the martyred President, who had so leaned upon his judgment and courage in the stormy days; and again by him who dignifies this occasion by his courtly presence, and whom all our hearts and all our voices now salute with benediction as the bosom friend of the man we love and mourn.

"It remains to speak briefly of his philanthropy. Those who met him only in public places, may have thought him reserved and cold. But he had a great heart. Some eight or ten days ago, as he was looking at the portrait of his daughter-in-law, whom he loved most tenderly, he said, 'I would give a million of dollars to have that dear child back again: and I would keep her only one day.' He was instinctively humane. The welfare of common people was very precious to him. If he never

flattered, he surely never forgot, the masses. His sense of right was simply imperial. Politicians tried again and again to bend him to their purposes, reminded him of his obligations to them for office and honor, and threatened him with their displeasure and hostility. But never to any purpose. His sturdy Puritan conscience stood out against them like a granite cliff. Merchant as he was, he indignantly refused to make money out of the war. One day at his own table, to his wife he said, holding up a bit of bread, 'Not the worth of this will I make out of this war.'

"But he was more than a man of conscience; he was a devout, consistent Christian believer and communicant. And as he drew near the end of his busy and eventful career, his heart opened itself more and more to Christian feeling, Christian purpose and Christian work. Remembering his birthplace among the Berkshire hills, he built for the Berkshire College the splendid dormitory that is to bear down his name to the remotest generations. Recognizing in this commercial metropolis of the nation the

fittest place for professional training of every kind, confessing his obligation to bestow a part of his fortune where all of it had been accumulated, and with a profound and lively interest in the advancement of Christian life and light and love over all the earth, he has made the Union Theological Seminary in a very special manner a monument to his memory. And I have obtained leave to report a more private charity. Not long ago he ascertained the names and residences of all his surviving nephews and nieces (thirty-three in all) from Massachusetts to Texas and Oregon, and gave them five thousand dollars each.

"And so this triple life is ended: Merchant, Statesman, Philanthropist, thy work is finished and thy reward begun."

The Rev. Dr. HALL then offered prayer as follows:

"Almighty God, our Heavenly Father, we have been giving heed to the words spoken unto us by Thy servants. Impress them upon our hearts, and make us faithful followers of them

who through faith and patience now inherit the promises. Now we come to Thee. We worship Thee, the author of life, the Supreme and Sovereign Lord. We worship Thee in Him in whom Thou dost reveal Thyself, our Advocate and Saviour. We ask the teaching and the help of the Divine Spirit, the Comforter. Taught by Him, we would be in subjection of spirit unto Thee. The gift Thou didst give Thou hast the right to take back. Thou gavest; Thou hast taken away; blessed be Thy name.

"Our Divine Father, we wait at Thy throne, that we may be taught by Thee. Show us how frail we are. The place that knows us now will soon know us no more. But we thank Thee for the hope of life eternal with Thee. We praise Thee that our being is redeemed from its transiency and its littleness by that which Thy grace has provided and revealed, that eternity of service and of happiness with Thyself which Thou hast set before us. Help us so to bear ourselves here — so to consecrate talents and time to Thy service — that there shall be true unity between this life and the

next; that living and dying, we may be Thine. Lead us in the steps of Thy Son, in whom we trust. Make our natures temples of the Divine Comforter, and set upon us on the earth the seal of a holy character, so making us meet for the inheritance of the saints in light. Let Thy solemn and righteous deeds, in the removal of those whom we have known and loved, bring us more under the power of the world to come. Make Him, whom Thou lovest, Thy Son our Redeemer, more precious to us, and let His person be so real and so great to us, that we shall ever rejoice in the hope of His glory. So let power and grace from Him sustain and consecrate us, and let us be with Him, and with the general assembly of the first-born, whose names are written in heaven, forever and ever. All this, and whatever else we need, though we ask it not in words, grant Thou unto us, O merciful Father, for our Saviour's sake.

"And now, O living and gracious Father, we give Thee thanks for Thy goodness in the life that has closed. We thank Thee that it has

been stainless. We praise Thee for usefulness given, for good influence wielded, for service rendered, through Thy grace, to the city, to the State, and to the nation. We thank Thee for his knowledge of the truth, for his submission to it, for the guidance it afforded him in life and the comfort in death. And now we make our united prayer to Thee on behalf of her whose life has for so long been bound up with his. When the tender fellowship of all these years is hers no more, give to her, Thou God of grace, communion with Thyself and with Thy Son. So let her be helped, upheld, and comforted. Even so we commend to Thee him who bears Thy servant's name, that he may be guided from above, and led in the way of peace in Thy noble and exalted service. Grant heavenly consolation to all here and elsewhere who are afflicted by this removal. Speak through it to men busily engaged in life's duties. Let Thy blessing come upon all in authority, the President of the United States, and all who are intrusted with the management of great common interests, that truth and honor,

integrity and purity, may mark them, and that so favor and blessing may come to all the people.

"Be pleased, Almighty God, to keep those who shall carry these mortal remains to their last resting place with the loved ones who have gone before; and help them, as they look into the open grave, to remember Him who is the Resurrection and the Life, who will come again, bringing His saints with Him. Almighty Father, we offer these, our petitions, and our intercessions, in the name of our great High Priest, who hath passed into the heavens, in whom we trust, to whom we look for victory over death, and for perfected character and eternal felicity in the life above; and to whom, with Thyself and the Divine Spirit, one Jehovah, be all praise and glory for evermore. Amen."

HYMN.

Abide with me! Fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide!
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O, abide with me!

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim; its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou who changest not, abide with me!

Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes,
Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!

BENEDICTION.

The peace of God, which passeth all understanding, keep your hearts and minds, through Christ Jesus; and the blessing of God Almighty, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, be amongst you and remain with you, now and forevermore. Amen.

The remains of ex-Governor Morgan rested all night in the church, watched by some of his faithful and attached servants and attendants.

On Saturday, a special train conveyed the family and many of the immediate friends, with the remains of the departed, to Hartford, Connecticut. The services at the family vault were very simple. The Rev. Dr. W. F. Morgan, of New York, read the solemn words of committal to the dust, and the Rev. Henry J. van Dyke, Jr., offered the prayer and pronounced the benediction. As the last words were spoken, the sun, which had been hidden all the morning by a heavy mist, shone out clear and bright, and the rays of light fell like a blessing from above upon the little company of mourners. Thus, under mingled clouds of sorrow and sunshine of hope, all that was mortal of Edwin Denison Morgan was committed to the grave, in the sure and blessed expectation of a glorious resurrection.

Memorial Sermon.

DEATH, THE END AND THE BEGINNING.

A MEMORIAL SERMON FOR EDWIN D. MORGAN, PREACHED BY REV. HENRY J. VAN DYKE, JR., AT THE BRICK CHURCH FEBRUARY 18, 1883.

"I must work the works of Him that sent me, while it is day; the night cometh, when no man can work." St. John ix. 4

"And there shall be no night there." Rev. xxii. 5.

These two verses reveal the inmost meaning of the great mystery of death. It has a double aspect. Seen from the earthly side, it is the termination of mortal existence and activity, the certain end which must come to every life, the silent shadow into which each one of us, and all whom we know, and all who see the sun, must some day pass and disappear. Seen from the heavenly side, it is the entrance of the immortal and redeemed spirit into a world of pure, unclouded, and eternal

light. Both of these views are true, and on both of them our minds should dwell with reverence at a time like this. A life that we have known and touched, a strong, and noble, and precious life, has just been closed, has vanished from our vision in the darkness. The door of the sepulchre is shut, and now, with calm and reverent minds, let us ponder the significance of death; let us understand its meaning both for this world and for that which is to come.

As we look at death from the earthly side, how wondrous and how beautiful are these words of Christ! He, the Lord of light and life, who dwelt from all eternity in the Father's bosom, has humbled Himself to our mortality. He stands beside us in this land of shadows, and looking forward with human eyes to the inevitable darkness of death, tells us its meaning and its lesson.

Every day on earth ends in night. The sun riding in strength and glory through the heavens, sinks at his appointed hour to the western horizon. The shadows lengthen. The

light fades. Darkness settles like a pall upon the world. The busy hands are folded; the active feet are still; the day's work is done; now come silence and rest. So every human life ends in a deeper shadow, in a more profound stillness—the shadow and stillness of the grave. When we enter there the eyes are closed, the tongue is hushed, the brain sleeps, the hand is powerless. All our opportunities are ended, all our labors are laid aside, all our possessions are given up; for the day is over, and the night is come when no man can work.

What shall we think of this? What influence shall it have upon our lives? What shall we do with this great, solemn truth? Shall we shrink from it with horror, putting it away from us, shutting our eyes to it, forgetting it, and living as though for us it had no reality? Nay, surely this is folly and sin. For a mortal man to live in this world as though he could remain in it forever,—as though his powers were inexhaustible, his opportunities endless, his days unnumbered,

and secure,—this is the conduct of a madman. And yet how many there are, in all other respects sane and wise, who live thus and die thus! These are the wasted lives, fruitless and incomplete, for whom the fittest monument is the broken column, sad emblem of failure and loss.

But must we then keep this thought of death, the end of all things, ever before us as a stern and dreadful presence? Must it ever dwell upon us like a shadow of coming gloom, turning all our mirth into bitterness, and making all our labor vain and heartless? Not so, saith the Lord. But as a strong and earnest man, rising with the day to his duties and his toils, counts its hours with joy, saying, "Thus and thus will I do, with God's help, before the night cometh and I sleep," so the wise soul looks forward gladly to its opportunities, gives itself eagerly to its labors, steadied, strengthened, and stimulated by the desire to accomplish the most that can be done before the sun sets.

"I must work the works of Him that sent

me, while it is day." Who does not feel the vigor and courage of these words? Life is given us for activity. Not for selfish pleasure, not for idle dreaming, has God sent us into the world. The man who suffers his powers of mind or body to rust unused, who spends his days in careless sloth or passive enjoyment, squanders God's priceless gift.

> "His hand,
> Like the base Indian, throws a pearl away
> Richer than all his tribe."

Man is born, and dowered with strength and reason, and sent forth into this world of labor and struggle, in order that he may do something, — accomplish some work, perform some task. To find this and to fulfil it, to do it thoroughly and well, to take delight both in the doing and the result,—this is the true purpose and the highest happiness of human life. And this is possible only to him who realizes that he has but a single life, and therefore rouses all his energies and bends all his powers to that which is before him. Work,

which may have been the primal curse, is now the blessing, the refuge, the joy of man, for it is only in earnest and vigorous work that his soul and body find health and peace. Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might, for there is no work nor device in the grave, whither thou goest.

But, surely, he who feels this will feel also that his life is given to him for beneficent work. Since we can live but once, since all possibility of our doing good work in the world, so far as we can see, is bounded by the grave, we ought to strive instantly to spend our days and our powers in the highest service and for the noblest ends. To do God's will on earth, to join ourselves to Him in desire and endeavor, so that from the primal source of good, blessings shall flow out through us to our fellow men, this is what we should long for as our best success. Wealth is good, if we can use it for the comfort and help of others. Power is good, if we can direct it to the defence of truth and right, the protection of the innocent, the punishment of the guilty.

Life is good, if we can make the world purer and happier for having lived in it. But without this, what is it all worth? Is there anything to rest upon, is there anything to satisfy the soul when the day is done and the night falls, is there anything to give peace and gladness, except the memory of doing good? Ah! believe me, when from that shadowy portal the departing spirit turns to look back upon the landscape of the past,—one last look before it fades forever,—all will be darkness, save those places where a gentle deed, a kind word, a generous gift, an unselfish service to God or man, still shine star-like with the light of heaven.

But how can we rightly use this brief and fleeting day of our life, how can we enter upon its labors in the true spirit, how can we accomplish any real and lasting good in it, unless we first of all use it as our only opportunity of knowing God as our Father, and entering into true and vital union with Him? This, after all, is the most important thing for every soul, and it is in this connection that the thought

of death as the approaching night, becomes most solemn. Here, in our earthly day, the light of God's pardoning love shines in the face of Jesus Christ. Receive it now, I beseech you, into your hearts, for in the grave all is darkness. Where shall you find light if you shut this out? What hope have you if you despise this? Here, in our earthly day, the voice of the Son of God comes to us, pleading with us to accept, and confess, and serve Him. In the silence of the grave there is no gracious invitation, there is no confession, there is no service. Oh! to-day, if ye will hear His voice, be reconciled to God through Jesus Christ, enter His service, spend the rest of your life in His work, and then when the night comes it will find you ready to sleep in Him.

A true and noble life, strong, high, complete, is only possible to him who learns this lesson of Christ, and, looking forward to the night which must surely come, spends his day earnestly and bravely in the service of God and of man. Such a life was that of Edwin

D. Morgan. He lived as a man who knew that he could live but once, with his peace made with God, with his heart set on doing good work, and with all his energies quickened and bent on the accomplishment of that which was before him. Let me make mention of his life here with unfeigned honor, endeavoring not so much to record its outward circumstances and its temporal successes, as to grasp the inmost and enduring significance of that which by God's grace he was enabled to be and to do. And may this imperfect but affectionate memorial of his character as a man and a Christian, be to every one of us a help, a stimulus, and an encouragement to vigorous effort and high achievement.

1. *He was a strong man.* His natural gifts were far greater and more valuable than those often overpraised qualities of subtle wit and sounding eloquence; they were the endowments of one who is fitted to be a leader and a governor among men. He was a son of the hills, and he had in his personality something of their solidity, and grandeur, and endurance.

His noble presence of body was not a mere mask to conceal the absence of mind, it was the true image of the man himself. His large, physical strength was dominated by a yet greater strength of spirit. With a clear, sane intellect, a well balanced judgment, a vigorous and indomitable will, he entered forcefully into the activities of life, and made his presence and his influence felt. He did not waste himself in idleness or self indulgence. He made the most of his powers and his opportunities. Life to him was real and earnest; and he lived it with purpose and vigor, as one who knows that the day is short.

As a clerk in the employment of his uncle, as a young man working his way upwards, as an active merchant in this great city, as a leading citizen of the metropolis, intrusted with large interests and called to works of public policy and beneficence, as a law maker, and then as the Chief Magistrate of this commonwealth, as a Senator of the Republic,—in every position, from the humblest to the highest, in every duty (for all were to him alike honor-

able), in every responsibility and in every labor, he was diligent in business, doing what his hand found to do with his might, and thus reaping the reward of true success.

This is not the character which dazzles and astounds the populace for a moment, as it sweeps with unsteady glare across the sky; it is rather that which shines with a fixed and growing light. It is a character of the same clear, and sane, and lofty type as that of him whose name stands first upon our country's roll of honor. Such a character and such works are possible only to those who feel the earnestness and the brevity of life, and throw themselves into it with vigorous and untiring resolve to make the best of it.

2. Come a step higher in this character which we are recalling. *Governor Morgan was an honest man.* His life was not built on shifting sands, or on the dark and loathsome morass. It was founded on the rock of Righteousness. He had convictions, and he was not ashamed of them. He had principles, and he endeavored faithfully to live

by them. Of his commercial integrity others may and will speak. But I would pay the tribute of veneration here to a man who went into politics and came out with clean hands. He honored his office more than his office honored him. He did not think that to make laws for men absolves one from the obligation to obey the laws of God. He did not think that a State can honorably do a dishonorable thing. He reckoned that the credit of this commonwealth, and of its citizens, was no whit less precious than the preservation of the Union. And in all his strenuous and successful efforts for that end, he ever strove to reach it by the path of rectitude and justice. The immediate jewel of his soul he did not barter for place or gold, he did not lose in the dust of the arena, but brought it back with him, unbroken and untarnished, to be the ornament of his old age, and the priceless heritage of his descendants. How noble is the record of such integrity! As I speak of it, I recall the words of Samuel, the Governor of Israel, when, in the fulness of his years, after long

and faithful service, he laid aside the robes of office. Standing before all the people, he said:

"'Behold, here I am! Witness against me before the Lord and before His anointed. Whose ox have I taken? or whose ass have I taken? or whom have I defrauded? whom have I oppressed? of whose hand have I received any bribe to blind mine eyes therewith? and I will restore it to you?' And all the people said: 'Thou hast not defrauded us nor oppressed us, neither hast thou taken ought of any man's hand.' God is witness."

Grand words! worthy to be written upon the finished column of the life which we commemorate. Happy the State which has such men among her chosen rulers; and well deserved the honor which she still pays to his upright memory.

3. But he was more than upright; *he was a good man.* The natural kindness of his heart was deepened and enlarged by the Spirit of God, and flowed out in generous benefactions and large services to his fellow men. Advancing years did not harden and close his

heart, but rather opened it the wider and made it the more tender, as he felt that the time was short. Often has he spoken to me, in these last months, of his desire to spend the rest of his life in doing good.

The record of his public gifts is written where you may read it. But the record of his private charity is written in secret, in many a home of want, which he has relieved, in many a grateful heart, which cherishes the memory of his aid in the dark hour of necessity.

And shall I be silent here in regard to that inmost side of his nature which was necessarily known only to those who stood nearest to him, and felt the warmth of his great heart? Nay, for if there be any place in which we may, with propriety, speak of this, it is here, in this house which is devoted to the worship of that God whose dearest name is Father, whose perfect revelation is given to us in the person of Jesus Christ, our Elder Brother, and whose religion finds its highest fruit in the faithful discharge of the sacred offices of human love and friendship.

Here, then, we record the testimony of his companions and associates in business, who bear witness to forty years of unbroken intercourse in kindness and fidelity. Here we speak for those who knew and loved him as a true, and warm, and loyal friend. Here, above all, we speak for her who was the nearest and the dearest, his true helpmate; we lay the crown of honor, which Christ himself has blessed, on half a century of wedded love. The fiftieth anniversary to which that faithful heart looked forward is indeed deferred; but every return of that wedding day was truly golden, for they were all irradiated with the heavenly light of pure affection, growing ever clearer and richer unto the end. O, good, gray head, no more to enter our doors! O, kind, strong hand, no more to clasp our own! O, warm, true heart, no more to beat in friendship or affection here on earth! Into the darkness a blessing follows you — the blessing of love!

4. Once more I say, *he whom we commemorate to-day was a Christian man.* His best

quality, his most precious possession, was his strong and simple belief in Jesus Christ, the Son of God, as his divine Saviour and Master. I do not speak unadvisedly in saying this. *I know that he himself would say that infinitely beyond anything else in value, more precious than all that he had earned in wealth or honor, was his faith in the Lord Jesus.* It was the deepest source of his strength, the sure pillar of his integrity, the fountain of his kindness and beneficence, the light and comfort of his declining days.

In early manhood he chose Christ for his Lord and Saviour, and made an open confession of faith in Him. He took his place among the disciples of the Lord Jesus. There was no doubt as to which side he stood on in the great conflict between light and darkness. He threw all the weight of his fortune and his influence on the side of Christianity. He was a member of the Church, not in name only, but in deed and in truth. He sought her honor and usefulness, he supported her with his purse and with his presence, he for-

sook not the house of God, nor the place of prayer. He desired and endeavored in all things to approve himself a faithful follower of Christ.

During the last months of his earthly life there was a wondrous quickening of faith and love in his soul. He felt the shadows gathering around him; he knew that the day was almost over; but he knew it not with gloom or despair, but with a calm and peaceful hope, for in his experience was fulfilled that blessed word of Scripture: "At evening time it shall be light."

With reverent hand would I lift for a moment the curtain which shades the bed of death, and pray that the light which I saw there may shine into all our hearts. As I stood for the last time beside his couch, on the closing day of his life, remembering many sacred interviews that had gone before, and knowing that this was the end, he spoke to me simply and quietly of his readiness to depart. He said, "I am ready to go now if it is God's will—for it is better, it is better

with Him." His confidence was not in himself, nor in his own righteousness. He said, "I am not a good man, I have done nothing to deserve God's favor. All my trust is in Christ and His mercy." In answer to a question whether he felt secure in that, he said, "I do, I do; I feel that Christ has died to make my peace with God. I have never felt this as I feel it now. It is my comfort, my peace. I leave myself in His hands, for there I am safe. The blood of Christ cleanseth us from all sin." And when the last simple words of prayer had been spoken, he lifted himself and said: "How sweet, how precious, how comforting, Christ is my Saviour."

A few more hours of tossing, and pain, and weariness, during which his soul often took refuge in prayer, and his broken voice spoke the last words of faith and love, and then,—quiet fell upon the tired heart. The night came. And at morning he was still asleep.

But is this all,—this peaceful end of a good life, this soft descent of darkness, this well earned repose, and is the rest silence? No;

thank God, it is not all. For that death which seems to us like a curtain, falling so swiftly and so silently as the last breath departs, is bright on the other side with the ineffable and fadeless glories of the heavenly world. The body has fallen asleep, but the spirit has awakened, instantly, joyously, to a full and perfect life.

The fourteenth day of February dawned for us with dark clouds and heavy tears of rain, but he who has departed knew

"A brighter morn than ours."

The power of an endless life, begun here by faith amid the shadows, and uncertainties, and oft recurring nights of mortality, continued yonder in a land where there is no night,—this is the heavenly significance of a Christian death. For him who has used the day of his grace aright, who has made his peace with God through Christ, and lived in faithful obedience to Him, death comes not as the end of all things, but as the beginning of a new and glorious existence. And we who sorrow for

those who sleep in Christ, ought not to think of their lives as gone out in darkness, but rather to look up, and say in the words of the sweet old poet:

"They are all gone into the world of light,
And I alone sit lingering here;
Their very memory is fair and bright,
And my sad thoughts doth clear.

"I see them walking in an air of glory,
Whose light doth trample on my days,
My days which are at best but dull and hoary,
Mere glimmerings and decays.

"O holy Hope and high Humility—
High as the heavens above;
These are your walks, and you have showed them me
To kindle my cold love."

There is no night there. I cannot understand just what heaven is, but I think I can feel something of the meaning of these words. They mean that there is no weariness in that blessed abode. The inhabitants of that country, employed in higher and more glorious activities than earth can ever know, speeding ever with glad motion on their joyous tasks, feel no fatigue nor weakness. They faint not, neither

need to sleep. For they are delivered from the weary burdens of the flesh. They are free and tireless spirits. Their powers and their joys are endless and unbroken.

There is no night there. No sin, no shame, no guilt. Dark, dark and heavy is the shadow of evil that rests upon us here, a shadow full of bitterness and grief, clouding our brightest days and hiding the face of our God from us. But there, all is pure and clear; no more stains upon the soul, no more barriers between us and God. The light of His holiness shall flow through and through us, as the sunlight flows through the rainbow's glittering arch, making every drop shine like a flawless jewel.

There is no night there. No death, no separation. Loving hearts there united, are parted nevermore. They understand each other perfectly; they possess each other eternally. The glow of affection fades not, the joy of intercourse is not broken. They dwell forever in the light of love.

There is no night there. No sorrow, no

fear, no unbelief. All questionings and misgivings, all mysteries and doubts are swallowed up and lost in the flood of radiance that streams from the Lamb in the midst of the throne. There is no more darkness, no more trembling, no more mistrust. For to be absent from the body is to be present with the Lord, and the ransomed spirit beholding in unspeakable rapture the blessed face of the Son of God, is satisfied when it awakes in His likeness.

Glorious awakening! God grant it to us. When the night of death comes to you and to me, may it come as it came to him whom we now remember, the peaceful close of a well-spent day, and the welcome passage

"To where, beyond these shadows, there is Light."

Resolutions.

NATIONAL BANK OF COMMERCE.

At a special meeting of the Board of Directors of the NATIONAL BANK OF COMMERCE, in New York, held on Thursday, February 15, 1883, the death of the Hon. EDWIN D. MORGAN was announced as having occurred at 8 a. m., on Wednesday, February 14; whereupon it was

Resolved, That the Board of Directors of the National Bank of Commerce, in New York, feeling profoundly the great loss they have sustained in the death of their late associate and friend, EDWIN D. MORGAN, and being moved by a pervading sorrow, would extend to the afflicted widow of the deceased their heartfelt sympathy.

Resolved, That by the death of Governor Morgan this bank is deprived of one of its

oldest and most useful directors, who was always recognized by his fellow members as a man of much force, of extensive knowledge and controlling influence; alike vigilant and faithful; and, being gifted with superior abilities, he was valued here as an efficient co-worker, while he was endeared to his associates by the manly graces which adorned his character and life, and lent a charm to his intercourse with all.

Resolved, That as a token of respect to the memory of the deceased, the following minute be entered at length on our book of records.

Resolved, That the members of this Board will attend the funeral in a body; and a committee will accompany the remains to their final resting place at Hartford.

Resolved, That a copy of these proceedings be sent to Mrs. Morgan.

IN MEMORIAM.

EDWIN D. MORGAN, who died in this city, on Wednesday, the 14th inst., at 8 a. m., was born in Washington, Berkshire County, Massachusetts, on the 3d day of February, 1811.

At the age of seventeen, having enjoyed but limited opportunities of acquiring an education, he entered the store of his uncle, Nathan Morgan, with whom, in about three years, he became a partner.

In 1836 he removed to New York, and engaged in business on his own account, as a grocer, in Front Street. From that time to the present his life may be divided into three periods more or less distinct: The first embraced about twenty years, during which he was most active as a merchant, extending his operations from our own to foreign countries, and becoming known as a large importer of teas, sugars and coffee. His connection with the firm of E. D. Morgan & Co., as senior partner, was continued through various changes in its organization,

and only ceased with his death. For an equal period of about twenty years, including a portion of the years allotted to his active business career, he was largely identified with the political life of our City and State, and of the United States — being at one time a member of the Board of Assistant Aldermen of New York; twice State Senator; a delegate to a conference assembled at Pittsburgh in 1856; chairman of the convention that followed at Philadelphia; and afterward chairman of the National Republican Committee; *twice a Governor of the State of New York;* and, finally, *a Senator of the United States.*

After fulfilling the term for which he was elected to this last high office, ending in 1869, Governor Morgan directed his energies largely to the various institutions with which he was connected as a director; notably the United States Trust Company, the New York, Lake Erie & Western R.R. Co., the Western Union Telegraph Co., and the National Bank of Commerce, in New York.

In his long, active and varied career as

merchant, statesman and trustee, he enjoyed a high character for integrity, ability and good judgment; commanding in all these relations the confidence of his fellow man.

He was twice tendered the office of Secretary of the Treasury, and twice he declined the honor. (His nomination by President Arthur was confirmed by the Senate.)

His interest in political affairs did not cease with his retirement from the United States Senate, but his counsel has been ever at the command of those filling the highest offices in public life, and is believed to have been in these latter days eminently wise and salutary.

In the critical period of our civil war, during which he was the Governor of this State, his services were as important as they were patriotic; contributing largely to the final success of the war.

It does not fall within the purpose of this minute to recall and recite the offices that were filled by Governor Morgan in social and religious life, nor to speak of his munificent gifts to institutions of learning

in this and other States; these and what he did to promote the cause of religion and philanthropy will more naturally fall to the office of the biographer.

Governor Morgan was elected a director of this bank the 24th of June, 1843, to fill a vacancy caused by the resignation of the late Jonathan Sturges; and this record would be incomplete did it not testify to the faithfulness with which he discharged his duty, especially as chairman of the committee on the state of the bank, and did it not show how, with advancing years, he won upon the respect and admiration of his associates of the bank, who now mourn the loss of an upright, dignified and judicious counsellor and friend.

AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY.

At a meeting of the Executive Committee of the AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY, held February 19, 1883, it was

Resolved, That in the death of the Hon. EDWIN DENISON MORGAN, the Tract Society laments the loss of a steadfast and efficient friend, whose aid could always be relied upon and whose name was a tower of strength. He was born in Washington, Mass., among the Berkshire Hills, February 3, 1811, but spent his early life in Connecticut, and came from Hartford to New York in 1836, where the business energy, boldness and sagacity he had already shown found a wider field and secured large and rapidly growing successes. The same qualities that gained him eminence as a merchant prince, also made him prominent in

various corporations with which he was associated, and prepared him for the faithful and most important services he was enabled in God's providence to render to the country, as Governor of the Empire State during two critical terms in our national history, and afterward as United States Senator from this State, from 1863 to 1869. He scorned to enrich himself at the cost of his country in the hour of her sore perplexity and need; and his inflexible integrity and honor stood as a barrier against many corrupt schemes. As a Christian merchant he was an honor to the name.

For eight years, beginning in 1875, he has been officially connected with the Tract Society as a Vice President, a regular and liberal contributor to its funds, and often cheering the anniversary hour with his attentive presence. The Union Theological Seminary in this city, as well as Williams College and other institutions, found in him a most liberal benefactor. His well rounded life terminated in Christian peace, February 14, and an almost unexampled concourse of men of distinction in the Church

and in the State did him honor at his burial. Yet nothing in his useful life gave him more satisfaction, at its close, than what he had done and given distinctively for the cause of Christ.

Resolved, That a copy of this minute be sent to the family of Mr. Morgan, with the expression of the heartfelt and respectful sympathy of the committee and officers of the society.

A true copy from the minutes.

Wm. W. Rand,

Secretary.

ASSEMBLY, STATE OF NEW YORK.

PROCEEDINGS IN THE ASSEMBLY OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK, MONDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 19, 1883, UPON THE OCCASION OF THE SPECIAL ORDER OF THE DAY — THE REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE APPOINTED TO DRAFT RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT FOR THE MEMORY OF EDWIN D. MORGAN, FORMERLY GOVERNOR OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK.

The speaker having, on a previous occasion, appointed the following gentlemen a select committee to draft resolutions, viz.: Messrs. Erastus Brooks, Walter Howe, William A. Poucher, George H. Roesch, Stafford C. Cleveland, Mr. Brooks, from that committee, reported the following resolutions:

Resolved, That the Assembly learn with profound sorrow of the sudden death of the Hon. Edwin D. Morgan, twice the chief magistrate of the State, twice a Senator in the

Legislature, and once, by the votes of the two houses of the Legislature, Senator of the State in the Congress of the United States.

In all these important offices, filled by the votes of constituents at home, by the voice of the people at large, and by the votes of the representatives of the people in the two houses of the Legislature, the present Assembly recall very many patriotic and eminent services rendered to the people of this commonwealth and to the people of the United States.

In the Civil War no man was more faithful in his devotion to the honor of the State, and no one more liberal in providing for its support. In his official life, as the Governor of the State, he directed and encouraged all honorable means to maintain the integrity of the union of the States; and, as the chief citizen of this commonwealth, by precept and by example, in work, hope and faith, he encouraged his fellow citizens in defending the flag of his country until the Union was restored, and peace and good will re-established among the whole people.

The Assembly of this State, while deeply lamenting the sudden death and loss of one so long in the public service, take great satisfaction in expressing, in this public manner, their regard for his distinguished patriotism, their respect for his philanthropy, and their esteem for that constant display of practical Christian charity which marked, in an especial manner, the years of his long life.

He gave liberally to relieve human suffering, and to promote Christian education throughout the State and country.

Resolved, That a copy of these proceedings be entered upon the journal of this House, and forwarded to the family of the deceased.

ASSOCIATION FOR THE RELIEF OF RESPECTABLE AGED INDIGENT FEMALES.

ASYLUM, 226 EAST 20TH ST.,
NEW YORK, *February 15, 1883.*

My dear Mrs. Morgan:

It becomes my sad duty to express to you and your family the sympathy of the Board of Managers of the Association for the Relief of Respectable Aged Indigent Females, as expressed at a special meeting held this day, in your and their bereavement in the loss of your honored husband.

We realize that in the death of Mr. MORGAN we have lost a wise counsellor and adviser, whose time has been freely given, and whose energies have been devoted to our best interests.

We do not desire to wound afresh by recounting his many virtues, but, as fellow workers with you, we personally mourn his loss, and wish to record this tribute of respect and regard for our valued friend and associate.

Recognizing in his loss the hand of God, we tender to you and your family our deep and earnest sympathy.

By order of the Board,

K. H. Hamlin,

Secretary.

WOMAN'S HOSPITAL, IN THE STATE OF NEW YORK.

COR. OF 49TH ST. AND 4TH AVE.,
NEW YORK, *February 19, 1883.*

Dear Madam:

I beg to send you a copy of a minute which was adopted at a special meeting of the Board of Governors of the Woman's Hospital, in the State of New York, held on the 14th instant.

"The Board of Governors of the Woman's Hospital, in the State of New York, convened to take action in reference to the death of Hon. E. D. MORGAN, their late president, direct this minute to be made:

"Governor Morgan was one of the incorporators of this institution, and served as a governor from 1857 to 1859, when he resigned, and was again elected a member of

the Board in 1871, and, in 1877, on the death of our former president, James W. Beekman, was elected to the vacant position.

"Governor Morgan has administered the duties of the office from that time until his death, which occurred February 14, 1883, with that distinguished ability and generosity which he has shown throughout his eventful and illustrious life. During the period of his administration as president he has contributed most liberally to the support of the hospital, and, through his influence and example, others have been induced to give largely when the wants of the institution were most pressing. Wise in counsel, discreet and discriminating in the choice of his benefactions, his aim was always to so give that his generosity should accomplish permanent good. As president of the hospital, in the midst of his other pressing private and public engagements, Governor Morgan gave his personal attention to the duties of the office, was present at its meetings, except in rare instances when actual sickness prevented, and though at an age when,

after so remarkable a career, he had a right to rest, gave most cheerfully to the many difficult questions arising in the administration of this trust, that careful thought and the benefit of that large experience which has ranked his name so high as a merchant and a citizen, and which, in the dark days of our internal conflict, made him, as chief magistrate of this commonwealth, a tower of strength.

"He died as he had lived—a firm believer in that faith of which he had long ago, in the days of his greatest activity, made a full profession.

"We here tender to the members of his family our most profound and respectful sympathy.

"At the same meeting it was

"*Resolved*, That the members of the Board attend the funeral services at the church in a body, and that a committee from the Board accompany the remains to Hartford."

Yours respectfully,

C. N. Talbot,

Secretary.

WOMAN'S HOSPITAL, IN THE STATE OF NEW YORK.

Cor. 49th St. and 4th Ave.,
New York, *March 3, 1883.*

As the Board of Lady Supervisors of the Woman's Hospital met to-day, our first impulse, as well as our first duty, was to express our profound sense of the loss we have experienced in the death of the President of our Board of Governors, the Hon. E. D. Morgan.

He was for many years closely associated with us, and his interest in our work was unfailing. If we could coin golden words from the love and reverence of our hearts, they might form some fitting tribute to his memory. But words can poorly express his worth—a man wise in counsel, just in decision,

firm in friendship, princely in liberality, and with a largeness of Christian character which permeated the whole. "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away." "He has gone to that city where the inhabitants shall no more say, 'I am sick,'" and "where God shall wipe the tears from all eyes."

And now, while we mourn most sincerely our own loss, we grieve still more deeply for those members of his family and household, to whom this bereavement comes with added force, and therefore, as a Board and as individuals, we hereby desire to express to them our sincerest sympathy, praying that God may be with them, and that His rod and His staff may comfort them at this time and forever.

Signed by order of the Board,

PHEBE LORD DAY,

Secretary.

CHAMBER OF COMMERCE.

MONTHLY MEETING,
THURSDAY, *March 1, 1883.*

The regular monthly meeting of the CHAMBER OF COMMERCE was held this day at one o'clock p. m., at the Rooms of the Chamber, No. 63 William Street. Present — George W. Lane, President; James M. Brown, First Vice-President; William H. Fogg, Second Vice-President; George Wilson, Secretary; and a quorum of members.

On motion of Mr. William H. Fogg, the regular order of business was suspended. Mr. Fogg said that Mr. John Austin Stevens had been requested to prepare a minute in regard to the death of Ex-Governor Edwin D. Morgan, which he would present for the action of the Chamber.

Mr. Stevens submitted and read the following minute and accompanying resolutions:

IN MEMORY OF EDWIN D. MORGAN.

Born Feb. 3, 1811. Died Feb. 14, 1883.

The Chamber of Commerce this day record their sense of the loss they, in common with the entire body of merchants of this city and the community at large, have sustained in the death of their distinguished associate, the Hon. Edwin Denison Morgan.

Of the many illustrious members of this ancient corporation, who have filled high public offices, but three have been intrusted by the people of this State with the supreme executive authority. And of these, Mr. Morgan only was a merchant. To his honorable and successful life we therefore point with the utmost pride. That life, reaching the full measure of the span allotted to man, is a part of the history of the country. From its study, generations of our youth shall learn lessons of industry, sagacity, inflexible determination and devotion to duty. They shall find that republics are not ungrateful, and that from modest origin the path to highest honors lies open to him who

treads with firm and unwavering step. They shall find, also, that the pursuit of commerce is not a bar to political distinction, but on the contrary, when allied to a thorough understanding of economic principles, may prove a sure qualification.

From early youth Mr. Morgan displayed the grasp of mind, the strong self-confidence which he carried into every enterprise, every business, every office with which he later had to do. No scheme was too large for his comprehension, no difficulties too great for his mastery. He was bold as he was wise. From a small beginning in a special trade, he rapidly extended his operations over a wide field, and became a merchant, in the broadest sense of the term ; a banker and a financier.

Success rewarded his untiring and well directed labor. He accumulated great wealth for himself, and by his wise counsels promoted the prosperity of some of the most important financial and industrial institutions of this City and State. He was for many years a Director in the National Bank of Commerce, the United

States Trust Company, the New York, Lake Erie and Western Railroad Company and the Western Union Telegraph Company.

But business success did not satisfy the measure of his ambition, and from his youth he aimed at public honors. At twenty-one he was a member of the City Council of Hartford. In 1849 he was elected to the Board of Assistant Aldermen of the City of New York, and from this time forward was almost without interruption in public service, rising steadily in grades of trust. He represented the Sixth District in the Senate of the State in 1850 and 1852, and held the important post of Chairman of the Committee on Finance. He carried the bill establishing the Central Park. From 1855 to 1858 he was Commissioner of Emigration. One of the founders of the Republican party, in which was consolidated the Free Soil sentiment of this State, he took early and important part in its deliberations. In 1858 he was chosen Governor of the State of New York, and re-elected by a large majority in 1860. His administration was

distinguished by economy, strict accountability, and a reduction of the public debt.

On the secession of the Southern States, he tendered to the President the resources of the State, secured the necessary appropriation from the Legislature, and immediately organized its military forces. Aided by the gentleman, now the distinguished Chief Magistrate of the United States, he directed the enlistment and support of the large armies which marched to the front from New York in defence of the Union. Tendered the appointment of Major-General of Volunteers, he accepted the rank, but declined any compensation for his services. In 1862 he was chosen Senator of the United States for New York, a position which he held with honor and credit till 1869. He was twice nominated to the post of Secretary of the Treasury by President Lincoln, but declined the appointment; later, nominated by President Arthur, and unanimously confirmed by the Senate, he again refused the signal honor.

In every sense Mr. Morgan was a merchant prince, after the manner of the illustrious men

who ruled the fortunes of the Italian States in their days of power and glory; like them, he was a munificent patron of letters and of art. His large gallery of paintings contains choice works of the best of modern artists, native and foreign, and his benefactions to colleges and schools were on a princely scale, including buildings, libraries and educational foundations. His charities were equally extensive; his well-devised and wisely distributed bequests reaching to a tithe of his large estate.

Although Mr. Morgan at no time held any office in this Chamber, he was alive to the merit of its services to the true interests of the nation, and in his executive and legislative offices promoted its recommendations, as the authoritative opinions of the merchants of New York. He was, moreover, represented in the councils of the Chamber by members of his commercial firm.

In our deep sorrow for the great public loss sustained in the death of this noble and upright character, we remember the greater bereavement to his family; may they, as we, find

consolation in the general honor paid by his friends, his associates and his countrymen to the merchant statesman.

Resolved, That this memorial minute be entered upon the records of the Chamber, and that a copy be sent to his Excellency the Governor of the State of New York, to the President of the Senate of the United States, and to the President of the United States.

Resolved further, That a copy be sent to the family of Mr. Morgan, with the expression of our sincere sympathy in their great bereavement.

MARITIME ASSOCIATION, PORT OF NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, *February 19, 1883.*

At a meeting of the Board of Directors of this Association, held this day, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, The recent decease of Hon. EDWIN D. MORGAN calls for something more than ordinary recognition from this Association, in view of the prominent position he occupied for many years past in the business community of New York; and,

WHEREAS, In common with the other mercantile interests of New York, we recognize the decease of Edwin D. Morgan as creating a void not easily filled; therefore,

Resolved, That the Board of Directors of this Association desire to place on record their appre-

ciation of the loss the mercantile community has sustained in the decease of so distinguished a merchant and statesman as Edwin D. Morgan. It is not usual to find combined in one nature the qualities that make a man equally estimable in both capacities. Mr. Morgan possessed them to the largest extent, and in whatever light you view his character, either as a merchant, as Governor of this State, or as United States Senator, he exemplified by his acts in each capacity the simple fact that he was always the right man and in the right place.

Edwin D. Morgan, after a life of usefulness, has gone to his long home. He had passed the "threescore years and ten" allotted to man.

This Association begs to add this slight tribute of regard, esteem and affection to his memory.

CHARLES F. ELWELL,

President.

HENRY A. THOMAS,

Acting Secretary.

UNION THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

At a special meeting of the Board of Directors of the UNION THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, in the City of New York, held February 15, 1883, the following minute was adopted unanimously, and ordered to be placed upon the records:

MINUTE.

The death of ex-Governor Morgan has removed from influential circles one who, through a long and consistent life, has been a faithful servant of both the State and the Church. Beginning life upon the common level, by industry, integrity and fidelity to every trust, he rose steadily and without any relapses, to high public confidence and honor. His career makes an important part of the commercial and political history of his time. He served the State of his adoption and the country of his birth in times of peace and also of peril. In

the great emergency he proved equal to the occasion, and, like the great English commoner, was a pilot who weathered the storm. The American people will always remember his services and cherish his name.

But the directors of the Union Seminary, representing, not political, but educational and religious interests, have a special reason for expressing their grief at his death, and recording their respect for the departed.

Governor Morgan, while engrossed as few have been in commercial and mercantile pursuits, was never blinded by them to the paramount importance of learning and religion. These always elicited his respect and received his substantial support. This spirit grew upon him as he advanced in years and drew nearer the time when men must give an account of their stewardship.

In the distribution of large sums for benevolent purposes, he remembered this institution of sacred learning, established in the metropolis where a favoring providence had permitted him to amass great wealth. The munificent gift of Governor Morgan enabled the Union Theological Seminary

to take a new departure, and crowning the previous benefactions of its generous patrons and friends, placed its future beyond doubt and anxiety. In all coming time any who shall either give or receive instruction in this institution, and all who shall feel any good influence from it, will mention with regard and veneration the name of Edwin D. Morgan.

To his widowed companion for fifty years, and to all his sorrowing kindred, the directors of Union Seminary would express their sincere sympathy and most respectful condolence.

Charles Butler,

President.

E. M. Kingsley,

Secretary.

PRESBYTERIAN HOSPITAL.

The Board of Managers of the PRESBYTERIAN HOSPITAL are filled with profound grief by the death of its president, ex-Governor EDWIN D. MORGAN, who rose by his own exertions and merits to the highest positions—social, mercantile, moral and political, in the City, State and nation. His death is an almost irreparable loss to the community in which, during an active, extremely useful and eventful life, he did so much for his fellow men. It is also an equally great loss to the Presbyterian Hospital.

Governor MORGAN was one of the most liberal benefactors of the hospital, and one of its most active and useful managers, always manifesting a hearty interest in its success and prosperity.

Wherefore, this Board directs this minute to be entered on its records of its high esti-

mation of their deceased president, and resolve that they will attend his funeral in a body, and that a copy of this minute be sent to the family of the deceased.

We hereby certify the foregoing to be a correct extract from the minutes of a meeting of the Board of Managers of the Presbyterian Hospital, held on the 15th day of February, 1883.

GEO. W. LANE,

Vice President.

HENRY M. TABOR,

Recording Secretary.

NEW YORK, LAKE ERIE & WESTERN RAILROAD COMPANY.

At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the NEW YORK, LAKE ERIE & WESTERN RAILROAD COMPANY, held February 15, 1883, Mr. Jewett presiding, the following resolution was adopted:

Resolved, That the death of the Hon. EDWIN D. MORGAN has deprived this company of one of its most valued and efficient officers.

As director and member of the Executive Committee for a number of years past, his interest in the affairs of the company has ever been shown by wise counsels, by ready aid and influence, and by unswerving confidence in its ultimate prosperity. His personal care and attention have been freely given, at all times, to sustain the credit and the repu-

tation of the company, and with the moral weight of his name and reputation, have contributed largely to the success which thus far the company has attained.

His associates desire to recognize his unvarying courtesy and his consideration for the views of others, and, by formal entry upon the records of the company, to perpetuate evidence of their appreciation of his high character, and of the great value of his past services to the company.

Certified as a true copy from the records.

A. R. Macdonough,

Secretary.

NEW YORK CITY MISSION.

No. 50 Bible House,
New York, *March 5, 1883.*

In regular meeting of the Executive Committee of the City Mission, held this day, appropriate mention being made of the death of prominent members, it was voted that the following minute be entered upon the records, and a copy sent to the family of the departed: .

"The City Mission, called repeatedly to mourn the loss of its most distinguished members, would bear grateful testimony to the memory of the Hon. Edwin D. Morgan, whose valuable life has just terminated.

"Governor Morgan, prominent in the estimation of all good citizens, for his many civic and social virtues, is most affectionately remembered by this committee for his large hearted and

generous interest in the cause of Christian education and philanthropy.

"The Executive Committee would beg to assure Mrs. Morgan of its most sincere sympathy in this hour of bereavement and sorrow.

MORRIS K. JESUP,
President.

L. E. JACKSON,
Secretary.

UNION LEAGUE CLUB.

RESOLUTIONS PREPARED BY HON. WM. M. EVARTS.

Resolved, That in the death of EDWIN D. MORGAN, the community in which he so long filled so prominent and so useful a position has suffered the loss of one of its most eminent citizens, a patriotic and public spirited statesman, a generous public benefactor and an upright and faithful man.

Resolved, That the career of Governor Morgan, both in his private pursuits as a merchant, and in the full round of his political employment in the service of the City, the State and the Nation, presents a signal instance of those sterling and steadfast qualities which, under our beneficent institutions of government and society, secure the highest honors to their possessors, and the highest benefits to the community from their exhibition and exercise.

Resolved, That the Union League Club, besides its share in this general bereavement and grief, laments the removal from continued service and fellowship of one of its most valued and most honored members, one to whose earnest support and wise and courageous counsels it always looked with confidence in every critical position of its affairs.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions, signed by the President and Secretary of the Club, be transmitted to the family of our deceased friend and associate, with an expression of our sincere condolence in their affliction.

BOARD OF ALDERMEN, CITY OF NEW YORK.

By Alderman M. DUFFY:

WHEREAS, In the demise of one so eminent in the history of National, State and Municipal politics as EDWIN D. MORGAN, United States Senator, Governor and Alderman, it is but fitting that the representatives of the metropolis of the Empire State should make record of the fact and give attestation to his many virtues, whilst expressing earnest sympathy for his relatives and friends; therefore,

Resolved, That, recognizing with unfaltering faith the inscrutable wisdom of the "Great Ruler of the Universe" in that it is declared to us "He doeth all things well," we cannot but deplore the fiat which has removed from his earthly labors of love and charity the lamented EDWIN D. MORGAN,

one so kind and generous by nature, so eminent in national council, and we record herewith our recognition that he was faithful to the trusts confided to him by the State as Governor in the trying period of a nation's peril, and earnest in the performance of his duties as representative in the legislative councils of this municipality. His unbounded generosity and open handed charity are endearing to memory, and we sorrow at his death, but glory in the hope of his higher attainments.

Resolved, That we realize that no panegyric, however eloquent, can add lustre to his fame, which is already historic, yet we may testify our appreciation thereof, and of the fact that his record thus attained will remain as imperishable as that of National, State or Municipal government.

Resolved, That we extend to the relatives and friends of the lamented Senator, Governor and Alderman our sincere condolence in their bereavement; that the Clerk be directed to appropriately transmit the same to his family, and that in respect to his memory this Board do now adjourn.

In seconding the adoption of the preamble and resolutions, Aldermen Fitzpatrick and Cochrane

adverted in glowing tributes to the private and public worth and services of the deceased.

The President then put the question on the preamble and all but the last resolution, which was decided in the affirmative, unanimously. The President then put the question whether the Board would agree with the last resolution, which was decided in the affirmative. And the President announced that the Board stood adjourned until Tuesday, the 27th instant, at 12 o'clock m.

FRANCIS J. TWOMEY,

Clerk.

Memorials of Loved Ones.

A Memorial

OF THE LATE

EDWIN DENISON MORGAN, Jr., M. D.,

BY C. R. AGNEW, M. D.

(Read before the Medical Society of the County of New York, January, 1880.)

Edwin Denison Morgan, Jr., a late member of our society, was born in 1834, at Hartford, Connecticut, and died at Suffield, in the same State, on the fifteenth of August, 1879. His remains were buried in the family burial place, in the Cedar Hill Cemetery, Hartford, on the eighteenth of August, 1879. His life was not what would be called a very eventful one, but it had one great quality, that it grew brighter and more beneficent as it advanced, until it ripened under the benign influence of Christian faith, and closed, leaving a priceless legacy to his family that there was a well-founded hope of blessed immortality.

Dr. Morgan got his early education at Greenwich, Connecticut. At fifteen years of age he made a voyage around the world in a sailing ship. At its close he entered the Literary Institute at Suffield, Connecticut. At nineteen years of age he married Sarah E. Archer, of that town, to whom, under God, as he was wont to say, he owed a debt of gratitude impossible to overestimate.

From 1860 to 1862 he served as colonel on the staff of his father, then Governor of the State of New York, and saw something of that political storm which burst upon our country in the great civil war; and the bold and fearless stand which his patriotic father took to cast the entire power of our State on the side of our menaced national unity.

It was after that time that his life became a more earnest one, and to be inspired with motives of a character which impelled him to resist more actively the inducements to luxurious ease, which abundant pecuniary means so constantly presented, he determined to devote the rest of his life to

the arduous pursuits of our profession. He went to Europe in 1867, returned at the end of a year, and began the study of medicine, at the age of thirty-three, with vigor, zeal, enthusiasm and pertinacity, under the direction of Austin Flint, M. D. He graduated from the Bellevue Hospital Medical College in 1871. He soon opened an office on the west side of the city, near the quarters of the poor, and from that moment until broken down in health, in the spring of 1879, devoted himself, as the writer of this very well knows, to the unpaid care of the sick poor. I take back the word "unpaid." He got his reward; for, although he, with exemplary reticence and meekness, tried to hide his beneficence from the gaze and applause of his fellow men, it was seen, we must believe, by One who never allows a cup of cold water even to be given, in true charity, to a sufferer without a note in His book of remembrance against the day when earth and sea shall give up their dead for the final judgment.

After many months of distressing, deepen-

ing and weary weakness, and waiting, he passed quietly away.

A star will mark his name in our list *here*, and let us fondly believe a star will be added to the crown of that Master in Heaven, through whose blood he trusted to be saved. It was a noble thing for him to enter the profession, as he did, at thirty-three years of age, and to struggle that he might do good to others. Let us not forget, then, that one crowning, closing episode in his life.

No mere perfume of rhetoric can embalm a human memory. It must live or die in virtue of its own intrinsic vitality. As we turn away from the new grave of a departed friend and colleague, let us ask, every man ask himself, "Who next, and whither?"—"Who next, and whither?"

A Memorial

OF THE LATE

MRS. E. D. MORGAN, JR.

On our busy and excited hearts death laid his silence and chill, last Sunday morning, as we heard that one of the loveliest, best of women, had been taken from us, after twelve hours' illness. Mrs. Morgan was a delicate woman, and had never recovered from the shock and heart-break of her husband's death, which occurred last August. But she was so well as to be out on Saturday morning, and was sitting dressed at her embroidery when the fatal pain in the head announced the coming end. So sudden and so shocking was this speedy termination of a most valuable life, that her family could hardly realize that she had gone, as at six o'clock on Sunday only a lifeless statue of beauty and repose lay before

them. She was a woman of delicate domestic intuitions, and would have preferred a quiet life. But the great distinction of her father-in-law, as Governor and Senator, called her into the gay and brilliant world for many years, and once there she played the part with an exceeding elegance. There was nothing done that was not done well, and as a wife and mother she was peerless. Her devotion to her husband was beyond all words, and one may really believe that her grief at his loss broke her heart. Beautiful in life, she was beautiful in death, as, lying in her widow's weeds on her bed of flowers, in her own house, where the picture of her husband hung above her, still dressed with the flowers she had twined, her friends took their last, tearful look of one of the most perfect of women. Her only son, Edwin D. Morgan, Jr., and the venerable Governor and Mrs. Morgan, have the sympathy of a vast community in their great, unexpected and most afflicting loss.

M. E. W. S.

YD 12536